

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet disse: Fic, sic, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a trick, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haist.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a filken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see it.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe car'd like an apple Tart?
Heers nip, and nip, and cut, and flish and flash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuels name Tailor call'st thou this?

Hor. I see thees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tai. She saies your Worship meanes to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nir, thou winter cricket thou:
Braue in mine owne house with a skaine of chred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whilst thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tai. Your worship is decei'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my master had direction:
Gremio gaue order how it should be done.

Gremio. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gremio. Matris sir with needle and thred.

Tai. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Gremio. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I haue.

Gremio. Face not mee: thou hast braue'd manie men
braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor braue'd. I say
vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did
not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tai. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.
Pet. Reade it.

Gremio. The note lies in's throte if he say I said so.

Tai. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Gremio. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, low
me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-
tome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. With a small compass cape.

Gremio. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunk sleue.

Gremio. I confesse two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Gremio. Error it's bill sir, error it's bill? I commanded
the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and
that he proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar-
med in a chimble.

Tai. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place
where thou shouldst know it.

Gremio. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue
me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Gremio*, then hee shall haue no
oddes.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gremio. You are it's right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vs.

Gremio. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse
gowne for thy masters vs.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gremio. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for:
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vs.
Oh sic, sic, sic.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid.

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, he pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hasty words:

Away say, commend me to thy master.

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:

For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunne breakes through the darke clouds,

So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the lay more precious then the Lark?

Because his feathers are more beautifull.

Or is the Adder better then the Ecle,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse

For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountest it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,

And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,

Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:

Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

You are still crossing it, sir, let it alone.
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clocke I say it is.

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,

Signior *Baptista* may remember me.

Ped. Neere twentie yeares agoe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,

Tis well, and hold your owne in any case

With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,

Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,

Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:

Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,

And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,

Here comes *Baptista*: set your countenance fir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted
and bare headed.*

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,

I pray you stand good father to me now,

Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son: fir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*

Made me acquainted with a waighy cause

Of loue betwene your daughter and himselfe:

And for the good report I heare of you,

And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,

And the to him: to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good fathers care

To haue him matcht, and if you please to like

No worse then I, vpon some agreement

Me shall you finde readie and willing.

With one consent to haue her so bestowed:

For curious I cannot be with you

Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:

Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here

Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:

And therefore if you say no more then this,

That like a Father you will deale with him,

And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done,

Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best

We be affied and such assurance tane,

As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know

Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,

Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,

And happilie we might be interrupted:

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,

There doth my father lie: and there this night I vnder

Weele passe the busi

Send for your daugh

My Boy shall fetch

The worst is this th

You are like to haue

Bap. It likes me

Cambio hic you hom

straight:

And if you will tell w

Lucentio Father is a

And how she's like to

Biond. I praie the

Tra. Dallie not

Signior *Baptista*, shal

We come, one melle

Come fir, we will be

Bap. I follow you

Enter L

Bion. *Cambio.*

Luc. What saist t

Biond. You saw

you?

Luc. *Biondello*, w

Biond. Faith noth

to expound the mean

kens.

Luc. I pray thee

Biond. Then thu

deceiuing Father of

Luc. And what o

Biond. His daugh

supper.

Luc. And then

Bio. The old Pri

command at all hour

Luc. And what o

Bion. I cannot t

counterfeit assurance

preuilegio ad Impre

Priest, Clarke, and

If this be not that yo

But bid *Bianca* farew

Luc. Hear'st thou

Biond. I cannot t

afternoone as shee

stiffe a Rabit, and

Master hath appoint

the Priest be readie

appendix.

Luc. I may and w

She will be pleas'd,

Hap what hap may,

It shall goe hard if C

Enter Petr

Petr. Come on

fathers:

Good Lord how br

Kate. The Moon

now.

Pet. I say it is the

Kate. I know it is

Pet. Now by my